

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1903.

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## GIRLS TAUGHT TO WORK

IF DILIGENT THEY CAN ALSO ACQUIRE AN EDUCATION.

Something of Interest About the Industrial School for Girls and the Woman's Prison.

## INSTITUTIONS ARE SEPARATE

YOUNG GIRLS ARE KEPT APART FROM CRIMINAL CLASS.

Many of Them Grow Fond of Their Surroundings, and, When Away, Desire to Come Back.

Among the places of interest to the visitor in Indianapolis and one of the most interesting institutions in the State is the Indiana Industrial School for Girls and Women's Prison, both of which are under one management and located on Randolph street, just south of Woodruff Place. The grounds include fourteen acres and are exceedingly attractive, having large shade trees, a beautiful lawn and pretty flower plots.

This institution was built thirty-one years ago, and in 1869 an act of the Legislature changed the name. Prior to that time it was known as the Indiana Reformatory for Women and Girls. Then the two were made separate, but under the same management and the same roof. The work being done at this place is going on in a most progressive manner, and great improvement along all lines can be noticed. Although the building, which has been standing ever since the prison was built, is hardly adequate for the growing needs, yet such arrangements have been made that the work is carried on successfully. These two institutions are the only ones in the State. In the Woman's Prison there are fifty-two inmates, and sixteen, or more than one-fourth, of these are from Vanderburg county. The Industrial School for Girls has 125 pupils, and as the capacity is only 150, the crowded condition may be imagined.

**DISTINCTLY SEPARATE.** Although under one head the two institutions are distinctly separate. The girls' side presents a marked contrast to the department where women are serving time for crimes ranging from larceny to murder. On the former side the inmates are "committed," while in the woman's department they are sentenced, and despite the fact that each is shut out from the outside world by a large brick wall and all wear the regulation blue gingham dress corresponding to the stripes of Jeffersonville, yet it does not take long for a visitor to detect the difference in the atmosphere of the two places.

The entire institution is under the charge of Miss Emily E. Rhoades, who has been there in that capacity for two years. She has done much toward making the condition of the Industrial School an institution for learning and help and keeping the thought of confinement out of the place. This has done much to make the lives of the girls brighter and excellent results have been attained in the way of finding good homes for the girls and putting them on the road to better lives and happiness. It must not be supposed that all members of the school have been placed here on account of being incorrigible or as punishment, for such is not the case. Many are simply unfortunate, a cruel stepmother, a hard-hearted and drunken father, who has turned his daughter adrift to shift for herself, tells the story of many of the inmates. It is for this reason that all has been done that can be to take away the atmosphere of jail life or involuntary confinement.

The life in the girls' Industrial School is, for the most part, a pleasant one, and in most instances far better than the conditions of the institution have previously been accustomed to. One of the features of the home is that the girls do all the work, which makes the school, to a large degree, self-supporting, and at the end of the year there is usually a balance to be turned over to the State for work done by the girls. The inmates sew, wash, iron, and, in fact, do all the work about the building. As stated before, there are 125 girls in the school. They are graded on what is known as the merit and demerit system, and there are three classes or grades. No whipping or corporal punishment is used, but the girls are put upon their honor. Girls in the first grade are allowed to see relatives once a month for one hour, and are given mail when it comes. Those of the next class are only given letters every Sunday morning, and are permitted to see relatives one hour every two months. Ten merits a day are given for perfect conduct, and when a girl gets a thousand she is put in the first grade. The life of the third-class girls is not an easy one. They are not allowed to write any letters or receive any, and no person is allowed to visit them.

## HOMES FOR GIRLS.

When possible the girls in the Industrial School are given good homes, and they report once a month for a year. There have been cases where the girl was so well pleased with the school that she asked to return. Not long ago a girl was sent to Fort Wayne from the institution, and after being there a short time wrote the managers that she "couldn't be good at home with a step-mother," and was sent back. She is one of the best pupils in the school now.

A new feature of the work this summer is the establishment of a summer school, which began last Monday. The work in the school is done just as in the public schools of the city, and the girls show an aptness for study generally absent among pupils of the city schools. The girls are committed until they are twenty-one, but are not always kept that long. In most instances, when suitable homes are available, they are sent away as soon as possible if their record is good.

Aside from the work and busy life of the school the recreation of the institution is a prominent part of the life of the girls. After the evening meal an hour is allowed for fun, and in the winter the sounds of merriment may be heard from the sitting room, where games occupy the attention. There is a large library, also, that affords them a great deal of pleasure. A brass band has recently been organized among the girls and there is music frequently. Services are held in the chapel every Sunday afternoon, when a minister from one of the city churches preaches. The girls sit down stairs and the prisoners occupy the balcony.

Everything is done to keep the women and young girls apart. The little girls of the Industrial School are also not permitted

## CHAFFEE MAY SUCCEED YOUNG.



This is the latest photograph of Major General Chaffee, now in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York. Although Major General Young will become chief of staff on Aug. 15, he will not remain long in that position, as he is very near the age of retirement. Major General Chaffee may succeed him as chief of staff.

to mingle with the older ones. There are thirty-five smaller girls. One naturally wonders if these girls, who are shut out from the happy and gay pleasures of life and live in a routine existence, broken only at odd times for a brief moment of recreation, after which they must return to the stern grind of the institution, are happy and if they do not all have a more or less morbid and sour disposition. The answer is surprising, for they are apparently the happiest individuals in the city and seem to hardly realize their ostracism.

**WOMAN'S PRISON.** The life of the Woman's Prison is like that of the sister institution, except that the inmates are prisoners and live as such. There are six women in for life sentences. While the inmates tire of the dull routine of the prison, they are not an unhappy lot, and with the star of hope in the shape of a pardon constantly before them they manage to live day after day, watching and waiting for the news of freedom, a message that does not frequently arrive. These women work hard, and some of them tend the garden. Many do quilting, and at times when their hours are over they can work for themselves.

In a short time the Industrial School for Girls will be removed to the outskirts of the city. The managers are looking for a location now. Following are the persons in charge of the prison and Industrial School: Superintendent, Emily E. Rhoades; Emma Hart, matron, prison; Malvina Aldrich, kitchen officer, prison; Margaret Yule, hospital matron, prison; Alice Barnhart, laundry matron, prison; Sadie Carter, hospital matron, school; Iza Williamson, disburser.

**New York's Luck.** Brooklyn Eagle.

So Plymouth Rock is going gallivanting about the country. Dear-sug! What lucky thing the Pilgrims didn't land on Coney Island!

## LIPTON'S CUP CHALLENGER.



This snapshot shows Shamrock III under sail in one of her trial spins. These trials are being watched with great interest. Sir Thomas Lipton says his yacht represents the limit of the skill of British yacht constructors. If the Reliance beats Shamrock, Lipton confesses that he is at the end of his tether as far as this class of yacht is concerned. Sir Thomas, however, in the event of defeat, contemplates building a yacht of the schooner class.

## THE TYPICAL PLAINSMAN

GENERAL ANDREW BURT TALKS INTERESTINGLY ABOUT HIM.

This Frontier Character Not at All as Pictured by Cartoonists—Buffalo Bill's Record.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.  
PORT MYER, Va., July 9.—The modern cartoonist finds an unending resource in picturing the "degenerate" of frontier days. He is made to appear a walking arsenal of pistols and bowie knives, long-haired, high-booted, big mustachios, the whole picturing a ferocious pirate. The legend explaining such a picture usually gives the impression that this long-haired ruffian is disturbing the equanimity of some peaceful newcomer, called a "tenderfoot." The popular mind has been schooled to believe in this presentation of long-haired scouts on the frontier; that he is a bluffing fraud and mountebank. There is no greater popular error, either in the "make-up" as given them by the cartoonist, or their ordinary lives—at least such men as I have met of this genus homo.

During thirty-two years of service on our frontier, beginning as far back as 1866, I have met most of the men who have given to the world the phrase "I'm a bad-d man from Bitter creek." The "bad-d" is my substitute for a more forceful and vulgar term. There were no more unassuming, quiet individuals in their appearance and demeanor than such men as "Wild Bill" (Hicock), Nell Howie ("The Man from Montana"), Frank Hunter, Jack Watkins, Jack Connor, Bill Reed ("Missouri Bully"), Wash Blakely, Sam Kraus ("Dutch Sam"), and a number of others. Even when forced into a "gun play" (which is not a Western term, by the way), their bearing as a rule was cool and determined—nothing ferocious or blood-thirsty in it. As for a display of weapons, ordinarily the armament was a pistol in the pocket concealed by a coat skirt, otherwise carried in a holder, which was not dragged to the front except when quick action was anticipated. Perhaps the most formidable of these men was "Wild Bill," and his favorite weapon a Winchester rifle. With this weapon he subdued the wild gangs of cowboys from Texas, who were wont to get hilarious and joyfully "shoot up" the town of Abilene—back in the seventies a great cattle town. It was and is still on the Kansas and Texas borderland, the meeting place for the vast cattle drives from Texas en route to Eastern markets by the railroad, or for purpose delivery to the cattle kings of Wyoming and Dakota.

**WILD BILL RESTORED ORDER.** The good citizens and the bad of Abilene were equal sufferers from the incursions of these cowboy raids. It was the fashion for these cowboys to load up on "forty-rod" whisky, burst into Abilene on horseback, dash up the principal street firing their pistols right and left—shooting toward any living thing in sight, not necessarily to kill, only to frighten people. The shooting changed to a deadly character if anybody remonstrated by look or word. To stop this high-handed practice and to restore the town to a somewhat normal condition of a civilized community the resident citizens of Abilene held a meeting at which it was resolved to appoint Bill Hicock town marshal. They sent for Bill and asked him if he would take the office and what salary he wanted.

"Well, gentlemen, it's a pretty tough proposition," Hicock replied. "A good deal depends on what you want me to do."

"We want you to keep order in this town when a drive comes in."

"It's not to put me in a glass case with a big badge on my left breast?"  
"No; we want you to stop this black shooting up the town. How many men do you want as deputies to help you make arrests, and how much salary?"

"Don't want any deputies, and the job's worth \$5."

After some dickering a compromise was made on a smaller sum, and "Wild Bill" was sworn in. The mayor presented him with a tin badge to be worn as the insignia of office. Bill wouldn't take the "blank thing," as he called it, remarking: "This will be a personal matter between me and the cowboys. The only badge I'll need will be my Winchester."

Sure enough, the next day a big drive arrived. The outfit camped outside the town limits, of course, as the cattle had to have grazing grounds. After setting the night herders the rest rode into town peacefully enough, not having "tanked up." Whisky had given out on the trail. There was no serious disturbance that night, though the cowboys caroused all night. Before they had gone very far with their drinking Hicock went into the saloon where the "punchers" were congregated, and told the boys he had been appointed town marshal, warning them that it was his sworn duty to preserve peace and order in Abilene. He wound up his speech with: "Boys, I'm surely going to try and fill the bill." His speech was received with derisive shouts and side remarks requesting him to go to a hotter place than Texas.

The next morning the whole gang charged into the town, whooping, yelling and firing their pistols. Bill was on the street, his rifle resting in the hollow of his left arm. As the cowboys dashed towards him, Hicock raised his hand, shouting "halt." It was not believed they intended to kill the town marshal, but as the gang rode by: they gave him a volley. Bill's hat was knocked from his head, one bullet grazed his arm, another pierced his left foot. That shot brought Bill to his knees; as he rose he began pumping his Winchester. Well, there were seven riderless horses that galloped out of Abilene before "Wild Bill" quit shooting. It was some time before the Texas cowboys again tried to paint Abilene a vermillion hue by shooting up the town.

## TRIBUTE TO BUFFALO BILL.

It may have been noted that Bill Cody ("Buffalo Bill") and Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, are not mentioned in the list of names I have given in the beginning of this story. The reason I omitted them is they were never classed among the "cutters and shooters," bad men from Bitter creek. Bill and Jack were essentially Indian scouts. Very peaceful and respectable men in their line. When they had to fight Indians, then they were strictly in it, and as good mixers as you find the world over. I know both the gentlemen well. In fact (asking pardon for intruding), I wrote "May Cody, or Lest and Won," Buffalo Bill's "most successful play," quoting his own words. It was played for three seasons in this country. Therefore, I feel competent to speak knowingly about this one of the most widely advertised men in America and Europe; certainly he occupies a unique position as regards notoriety. Bill is one of the biggest-hearted men I ever knew. There may be some Doubting Thomases as to Bill's ability as a plainsman, hunt-

## SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON ERIN'S BRIDGE.



On the bridge of the Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton will stand when his yacht races against America's swift representative, Reliance. This snapshot of Sir Thomas was taken while the Irish knight stood on board his steam yacht watching Shamrock III in a trial race. Sir Thomas, as was reported the other day, invited President Roosevelt to share the Erin's bridge with him during the races, but the President, while intending to view the races, prefers to do so from his own yacht, perhaps because he considerably does not care to be on hand to witness Lipton's discomfiture.

er and scout. Let me tell them, if there be such, that Cody's well-known record as a scout and dispatch rider under General Sheridan and other officers on the Republican river in a hostile Indian country is equalled by few and surpassed by none. No living or dead man ever killed more buffalo in one drive than he has. I do not admit to this hunter class, those later-day skin hunters who almost wiped the buffalo out as a known species. They were pot hunters merely and not "buffalo runners."

I will in another story of this series tell you something of the perils and bloody encounters with "road agents" by that nervous of treasury guards, little Nell Howie, "The Man from Montana," who was never known to give up a treasury box when riding as express guard. "Bad" man? Well, when in a tight pinch, to put it in forcible border language, "Nell was a holy terror."

## Governor Durbin Commended.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Governor Durbin appears to be acting with firmness, decision and wisdom, taking no thought about the risk of hurting, or even killing, those who have revolted against the constituted authorities. That is the sort of Governor that is needed in every State of the Union—a Governor who will maintain order and enforce the law at every risk and any hazard. There is no place in such times as these for a sentimentalist in the gubernatorial chair, and whenever and wherever the lawless element of the population discovers that it has a Governor and other authorities of the right sort to deal with, it can be handled with certainty if not with ease, as

## FAMOUS YACHTMAN'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE.



Great interest attaches to the condition of Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, the beautiful wife of the famous yacht-race magnate, Mrs. Iselin, who is one of the leaders of New York society, has retired from the scene of her social activities. A corps of trained nurses is in constant attendance upon her. It is said the stork is expected to soon visit her home. She will not be able to view the great yacht races with which her famous husband is so closely identified.

## HOW THE POOR LIVE

IN THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS THEIRS IS NOT A HAPPY LOT.

However, There Are Not Many Crowded Tenements in Indianapolis to Increase Suffering.

## GOOD CARE OF THE CHILDREN

THERE ARE SEVERAL SOCIETIES THAT LOOK AFTER THEM.

Tired Women Can Also Get Rest and Fresh Air in the Parks—Tale of the Summer Time.

While the majority of the population of Indianapolis is escaping the awful and persistent heat of the sun as it beats incessantly down upon the thousands of souls in a big city and every one is talking about the weather, the thoughtful members of this big family of humanity naturally wonder what the people of the tenement districts are doing and how they manage to survive the ravages of a sultry summer day.

This question is a most common one and can be heard on all sides. Although one does not come in contact frequently with the dark side of life in a large town unless he has occasion to meet this part of the world, it is the natural thing for those who are better off than the general run, while they enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes of a hammock or dream under the inviting shade of some large oak in their yard, to have their thoughts turn to the condition of their fellow-creatures and wonder what the poor are doing in the hot and sweltering atmosphere.

Unlike nearly every other city in the country, Indianapolis is practically devoid of a properly termed tenement district, with its hundreds and thousands of poor souls cramped together in limited space, eking out an existence that to many would be less welcome than death; a colony where crime is fostered and seems even to be lurking in the very air that is breathed; a district teeming with crying, weeping children, ignorant of bright and happy life beyond the humdrum and dreary atmosphere of their homes. These conditions are familiar to those who have visited the tenements of New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

## A BRIGHTER STORY.

However, of this city there is a brighter and more pleasant story to tell. The Hoosier capital, while not lacking in this class of residents, presents a far different condition than other places. Nowhere in the city are the uncomfortable conditions just described to be found. True, there are parts of the city in which cramped conditions are to be seen and life is not so wholesome as in other portions, but it would be safe to say these are exceptions, and comparatively little uneasiness is experienced from the heat by the people who are not as fortunate and have not the enjoyable homes that many possess.

The reason for this happy state of affairs in regard to the poor class is of account in large measure because of the fact so much territory, thus giving plenty of room for the inhabitants to "stretch out," as it were, in the warm months. There is also another cause for the better conditions, and that is the many parks in which the poor may find shelter from the hot rays of the sun and rest from the weary confinement of a small cottage. These are the parks, scattered throughout the city and prove veritable Jacob's wells to many footsore and worn-out women.

Even in the localities where the people are crowded conditions are not so bad as to cause those whose hearts are susceptible to pathetic and sad scenes to have concern over the welfare of those within. There is a certain community of foreign-born located in the northeast part of the city, where as many as twenty-five or more people occupy the same house. To many it would appear as if this were a most excellent example of poverty, and a truly deplorable state of existence. But it is not. These people possibly are happier than many who put of them and who drop into peaceful slumber with an electric fan doing noble work for them. The particular cottage which the writer has in mind is rather small, but is well shaded and looks to be cool at night. This situation is no doubt a paradise to the members of the household, who probably left a much worse home across the water.

## MUCH CHARITABLE WORK.

It must not be supposed that there are not pathetic cases of suffering from the heat to be found in Indianapolis. This is natural in a city of two hundred thousand, but the reason that there is not the suffering that is seen in other cities is because there are numerous societies organized for the purpose of caring for children and mothers during the hot months, making them as comfortable in many ways as the seashore visitor, and in many instances more comfortable than summer tourists. The good work done by these societies can hardly be estimated. The Fresh Air Mission, which has been looking after summer outings for the poor for a number of years, cares for a large number at Fairview Park, where the children loiter on the grass and enjoy the cool of the park.

The Society for the Care of Sick Children looks after a host of little folks and finds homes in the country throughout the hot weather. Last year a number was sent to Acton Park camp grounds, where they enjoyed the shade and cool away from the dust and heat of town. Another organization which is doing much good among those who are unable to get a vacation is the Children's Outing Society. This organization carries on a work like that done by the societies above named. Besides these, there are numerous private societies throughout the city whose business it is to make brighter and happier the lives of children and mothers who cannot afford to take a vacation, and place them out in the country away from the heat and sultriness of the city.

The organizations mentioned do not advertise the work they are doing, but, like the good Samaritans of old, go about doing charitable work and casting a halo of light about the poor homes of the city.

## False Economy.

An advertiser who tried to save money by suspending his newspaper advertising for a season says it cost him a good deal, but the loss was worth making. "The decrease of advertising was registered upon sales as quickly as an icy wind upon a thermometer."